



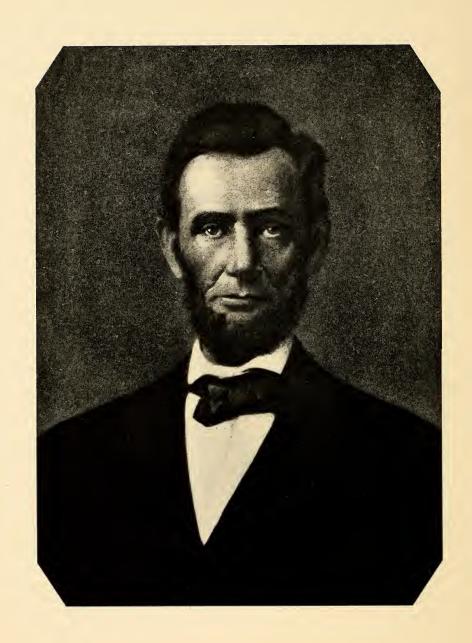
Lincoln

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ANNA MARIE NEIS

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1915
ANNA MARIE NEIS

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INCOLN! Protector, counsellor, friend; Though gone from this world still lives. Endeared to all of his fellow-men; His eloquent word still gives Inspiration of soul, to young and to old Who peacefully dwell in the land He saved from ruin and direful woe, With the stroke of his powerful hand. No pact e'er signed in the annals of man Ever carried such freedom and peace Into millions of homes, into hearts that were sad— Bidding sorrow and want to cease.



NE of the noblest of our wide world

Is this victor whom we adore; This hero, sculptured in marble and bronze,

And chanted in song evermore. He lives in the hearts of the human race,

In our own and in foreign lands, As an "uncrowned monarch" of the earth.

As a ruler who gave commands— Not in the spirit of pomp and power

With injustice and cruelty combined,

But in tenderest love; in the simplest way;

Courageous as he was kind.

E fearlessly proved by act and by speech

His faith in all mankind.

The solemn words that fell from his lips

Are cherished in heart and in mind.

The love that he bore to great and to small

Was like that of the Christ of old; His merciful deeds, his goodness of heart,

Will over and over be told.

In the magnitude of this glorious

earth

His name shall live sublime; Generations to come behold him still

An idol of all time.

IS early life abounds in deeds

Of tenderness and devotion;
And for all the woes of
humanity

He showed the deepest emotion.

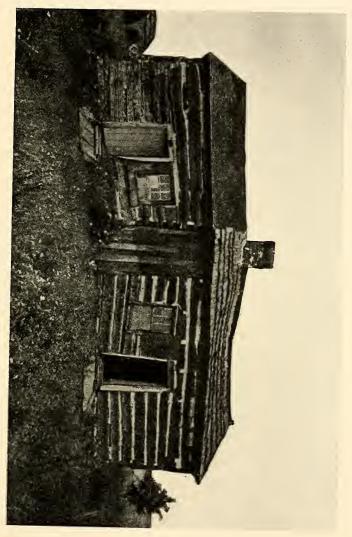
In cabin days he was the first

To respond to mother's need;

To relieve her cares; to perform her tasks;

Her earnest words to heed.
When ill, infirm, and lonely,
In later years she grew,
With unselfish love, unwearied
hand,

He provided for her anew.



LOG CABIN



DMIRATION and ardent love

In such measure has ne'er been given

As he bestowed on the maiden fair,

So suddenly from him riven; With broken heart, and spirit crushed,

His courage well-nigh spent, He rallied from the o'erwhelming blow,

On sacrifice still bent.

He began his mission here

on earth

Of ministering unto others;
And henceforth looked on all
mankind

As sisters and as brothers.

The prairie land when strife began, His guidance was most sought.

Contests arose on boundary lines.

Contests arose on boundary lines, And deeds for land that was bought.

The settlers all were far from home,

And far from friends most dear, To whom could they turn in confidence?

And who would be sincere?
'Twas "Honest Abe," he was
the one

To make the wrong thing right; He settled disputes without a court,

Their prospects then looked bright.

IS praise for honesty, peace and love

Spread far in the countryside; His plea for justice in all he said

Was heralded far and wide.

And so he came to be known
to all,

This boy of the Prairie State,
This boy so sadly whirled and
tossed

At the stern decree of fate.

And after years of toil and woe,

His heart's desires to gain,
He slowly, steadily reached the
end

Of the thorny path to fame.



ERE we behold him; presiding o'er

The grandest nation on earth.

Here destiny wove his life in ours,

To prove his priceless worth.

He grasped the helm of the ship

of state,

And guided it safely through
The most perilous and heart-rending
years

This country ever knew.

The struggle that followed is known too well;

The anguish, the sighs, the tears;

The anxious days; the sleepless nights;

The country's hopes and fears.

WHITE HOUSE



UT a brighter day had dawned at last,—

The sun burst through the

cloud,—

War was over and all was well;
Midst shouts of triumph loud
Flags were unfurled; wild rang
the bells;

Great joy swept o'er the nation;

From hill and vale came grateful hearts,

Of high and lowly station.

The churches swung their portals wide;

Prayers to heaven were soaring For the safety of our country's chief,

Whom the world was now adoring.

UCH joy the world has rarely seen,—

A nation born anew!

That freedom reigned throughout the land,

All knew was deeply true.

A new creation for all mankind On that wondrous day was dawning;

Such was the joy that reigned supreme

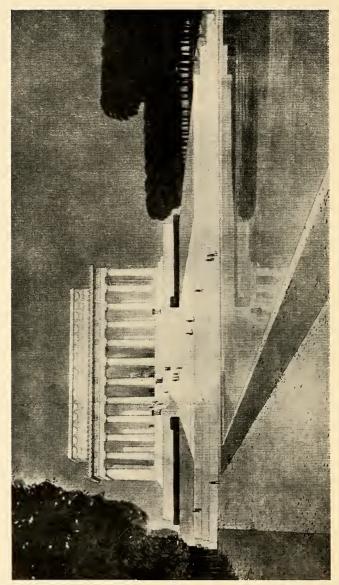
That bright Good Friday morning.

The saddest face in all the land

Shone with transfiguration; He saw his purpose in life achieved;

He had saved the life of a nation.





LINCOLN MEMORIAL

LL nature joined in the ardent call

And hastened her flowers to bring;

The trees, the forests, and the grass,

All wore their garb of spring.
On that fatal day, released from
care,

Our Captain viewed her beauty;
And strolling along the river
bank

Had a vision of future duty.
With the banishment of harassing fears,

With heart and mind more free, He turned with joy to the house of mirth

To laugh most heartily.

HE audience rose and cheered, and waved

As for majesty on a throne;
Such peace supreme and
happiness

For years had not been known.

Then lo! a pistol shot rings out!

Tumult and terror reign—
With shrieks the throng move towards the spot,

And then rush back again— But only one face wears a smile,

One head is dropping low; The Chieftain, all unmindful, Is the victim of the foe! GAIN the nation rose as one

To waft his name in prayer.

The universal grief now seemed

Too great for man to bear.

And nature seemed to

sympathize

With every heart again;

She quickly gathered all her clouds

And sent down floods of rain.

And negroes knelt in mud and

mire

As far as eye could see
To plead all night with God on
high,—
"O God! Mars. Linkum made
us free!"

ON'T let him die!

Dear Jesus, hear!
Oh, let Mars. Linkum live!"
No tributes vowed were more

sincere
Than those they had to

give.

But the victor of that fateful hour

Crowned with laurels won,
To higher glories must pass
on,

His work on earth was done.

Wild joy was turned to deepest woe,

The world was sadly weeping; The only face serenely calm, In sacred peace was sleeping.





LINCOLN'S HOME

HEY bore him to the Prairie State,

Where now he lies at rest Close by the home he loved so well,

Near those who loved him best.

Not even in death is he alone, For his child is at his side; Together their journey ended on earth,

Together they will abide.

And the mourning nation gathered

From town and village and State,

To salute the draped and doleful train,

And learn of his tragic fate.

T last they reach the hallowed spot;

A hush falls on the scene.

Despair and sorrow are intense,
But one face looks serene.

His lips are sealed; his eyes are

closed;

His silence deeply speaks; They hear again his farewell words,

When the tears ran down his cheeks.

"My friends, to you I owe my all;

To this place my heart still clings;

You cannot gauge my feelings now,

Nor the grief this parting brings."

"DE

KNOW not when I shall return,

No one can ever tell;
Pray that I be led aright.
I bid you now farewell."
The spell is snapped; all
hearts relax;

The people weep aloud!

It seems as if his voice from heaven

Has spoken through a cloud.

And so they laid him down to rest,

From care and sorrows free;
The greatest of all storm-tossed souls

On Life's tempestuous sea.

'ER his resting-place stands a stately tomb,

No grander can be found To keep alive his memory Than this on hallowed

ground.

Here throng the hosts of reverent friends

Who loving tribute lay; Here many people of all

climes

Their sincere homage pay. More lasting than the towering shaft

Is the name on it we find; The name beloved by all the world,

Lincoln! the true, the kind!



LINCOLN MONUMENT



